Ber. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that euer I heard.

Fer. I the best, for the worst. But sirra, What say you to this?

Clo. Sir I confesse the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Clo. I do confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaymed a yeeres imprisonment to be taken with a Wench.

Clo. I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a Damsel.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damsel.

Clo. This was no Damsel neither sir, she was a Virgin.

Ber. It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clo. If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maide will not serue your turne sir.

Col. This Maide will serue my turne sir.

Fer. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a weeke with Branne and Water.

Clo. I had rather pray a month with Mutton & Porridge.

Fer. And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper.

My Lord *Berovvne*, see him deliuered ore,
And goe we Lordes to put in practise that,
Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

Bero. Ile lay my Head to any good mans Hat,
These othes and lawes will proue an idle scorne.
Sirra, Come on.

Clo. I suffer for the trueth sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Iaquenetta*, and *Iaquenetta* is a trew girle, and therefore welcome the sower Cup of prosperie, affliccio may one day smile againe, and till then sit thee downe sorrow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Armado and Moth his page.

Armado. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirite growes melancholy?

Boy. A great signe sir that he will looke sadd.

Ar. Why? sadnes is one & the selfe same thing deare imp.

Boy. No no, O Lord sir no.

Arm.